

Sonata Adagio

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by [Not_You](#)

Summary

In the universe of Pretty Red Heart, Franklyn takes his therapist's advice and talks to Tobias about kinks.

A conversation about sexual fantasies is easy to suggest, but hard for Franklyn to implement. It's all part of being a fucking mess, and he has to sit down and give himself a lot of positive self-talk while he waits for Tobias to show up for a drink. It only sort of works, and when the bell rings he feels like his heart is trying to jump out of his chest. He dashes over to answer the door, beaming up at Tobias, who smiles and steps inside, shutting the door with one hand and drawing Franklyn close with the other. He can't help making a weak little noise in his throat, and blushes.

Tobias chuckles, smiling down at Franklyn and stroking his hair. "You really are precious," he says, and kisses the corner of his eye.

"Th-thanks," Franklyn whispers, and then pulls away to lead Tobias over to the couch. His best scotch is standing on the coffee table, ready to be poured, but the good glasses are waiting in the freezer. He collects them and fills them with ice, returning to find Tobias settled comfortably, the first few buttons of his shirt undone to reveal smooth, perfect skin. Franklyn wants to just bury his face in it, but he's still a little shy with Tobias, even with the things they've already done together. He jabbars something about the scotch as he pours it, and then sits down, determined to shut up. He takes a long, silent sip of his drink and starts desperately wishing that Tobias would say something.

"So nervous," he murmurs at last, sounding amused, and Franklyn wishes he had said anything but that.

"I'm sorry!" Franklyn blurts, and then feels like punching himself in the face.

He jumps a little when Tobias puts an arm around him, and then leans into his side, basking in his warmth and as always amazed by how hard his body is, tense and taut and completely different from his own. He tries not to get stuck on that thought now, nuzzling into that triangle of revealed skin.

"You're always nervous," Tobias says, "but tonight something is on your mind. What is it?"

Franklyn takes a deep breath, gathering strength from Tobias's smell of rosin and lavender and the old-fashioned candies he keeps a dish of. "I... I was talking to Dr. Lecter," he says, feeling incredibly stupid because he never shuts up about Dr. Lecter, and can't imagine what Tobias must think of him, "about how I feel like I'm not doing enough for you. In bed. Heh. You ever do that with fortune cookies, add 'in bed' on the end?"

"I prefer 'with a shotgun,'" Tobias drawls, and Franklyn feels like an idiot, but like a very lucky one. "And I enjoy you greatly, Franklyn. Your hands are soft, you're a good kisser, and you're very responsive."

Franklyn grimaces, his face hidden against Tobias's chest. 'Responsive' is one way to describe the complete mess Franklyn becomes with Tobias's hands on him, gasping and mewling and clutching at the sheets and Tobias's shoulders, thrusting into his grip and whimpering into his mouth as they kiss.

“I just... I wonder if maybe there are things you're into that you're afraid I'll judge you for.”

Tobias chuckles, and kisses the top of Franklyn's head, rubbing his back and then taking a long sip of scotch. Franklyn turns his head enough to do the same. “I'm into a lot of things, Franklyn. We don't have to share them all, or all at once.”

“M-maybe just one, to start?” Franklyn offers. He may not get out much, but he knows what a safeword is, and if Tobias wants to hurt him, he can maybe get into it. The idea makes him nervous, but he can't truthfully say it turns him off.

“Mm. Well, I do enjoy bondage, sensory deprivation, and human furniture,” he says, idly twining long fingers into Franklyn's hair. “How do you feel about those?”

“Human furniture?”

“Using my partner for a footstool, or an end table,” he says. “I like having someone quiet at my command, knowing that their stillness is from dedication to service.”

Franklyn squirms, not sure what to do with the weird thrumming of arousal the idea gives him, especially because he doesn't want Tobias to stop holding him. “I might like hugs too much to do that any time soon,” he forces himself to say, “but it sounds good.”

Tobias makes a sort of purring noise, and eases Franklyn into his lap. Despite all the proof Franklyn has of how strong Tobias is, he always worries about being too heavy or hurting his legs. But every time Tobias just cuddles him close, and now he sighs against Franklyn's neck, sounding deeply content.

“I like holding you,” he says softly, and Franklyn shudders at the gentle brush of Tobias's lips on his ear.

“Tobias...”

“Let's finish this excellent scotch,” he says, nipping gently, “and then go to bed.”

“Y-yeah,” Franklyn whispers, “okay. Okay.”

They don't guzzle the scotch, it deserves better than that, but soon the good glasses are standing empty, and Tobias is ushering Franklyn into the bedroom as though this is his home, and Franklyn is the guest here.

“Do you have anything I could use to bind you?”

Franklyn can feel himself blushing horribly, and he hides his face in Tobias's shoulder. “There's some rope in the closet,” he mutters.

“Oh?”

“I... I ran some experiments. By myself. Just one hand, but if you're already buying rope, why not go for quantity and quality in case you need to climb out the window or something someday?”

Tobias just chuckles. "Fetch it," he says, and lets go of Franklyn, who scurries obediently to the closet and brings out the coil of soft, white rope, feeling something between elation and panic. Tobias thanks him politely for it, taking it from his hands and setting it on the nightstand. "Say 'red' if want me to stop," he says, unbuttoning Franklyn's shirt, "'yellow' if you are unsure, and 'green' if you're enjoying it and want to continue. Understand?"

"Yes," Franklyn whispers, and repeats it all back as Tobias strips him in an almost businesslike way.

Franklyn wishes he had had a chance to dim the lights, but he doesn't want to get into it now. He lets Tobias push him down onto his back, and squirms as he sits there on the edge of the bed, just *looking*. It's a huge relief when he takes Franklyn's hands and uses one of the various pieces of rope that he rejected as too long for self-bondage to tie them both together with an easy figure-eight that leaves plenty of room for circulation. There's a weird feeling of relief to it. He can't do anything stupid with his hands now. They're tied up. He shivers, and watches Tobias as he carefully ties his feet to the foot of the bed. He has a four-poster, and the bottom two are far enough apart that his legs are spread as wide as they can comfortably go.

His cock twitches from half-hard closer to full, and Tobias smiles, sliding the flat of his palm up over Franklyn's belly, which seems impossibly round and hairy next to Tobias's fully-clothed elegance. It feels good, though, and he shivers, the motion pulling a little at the ropes and making him feel safe. He's where Tobias put him. He can't fuck that part up, and Tobias just smiles when he finds Franklyn's ticklish spots and makes him let out stupid giggles.

"I want to know every sound you make," Tobias tells him when he bites his lip to try and keep quiet, "I want to be able to play you."

Franklyn can't help a little whine at that, and then makes a noise he doesn't even have a name for when Tobias grips his chest with both hands and squeezes, firm and gentle and assured. Franklyn can't help a brief montage of memories of people making fun of his man-tits (and they aren't even all that big or pointy) but Tobias touches them almost the way Franklyn touches women's breasts, just more assured, familiar rather than reverent.

"Aaaahhnn..." Franklyn tries to stop himself, and then whimpers as he remembers that Tobias wants to hear him, wants to know every noise he can make. This won't be like when Kyle made him make that weird, long, quavery noise and then laughed at him for it. He makes a sound very like it now as Tobias slides his hands from the backs of Franklyn's knees up to his ass, squeezing as he traces their path with kisses. He's just so fucking beautiful and all Franklyn can do is stare down between his own thighs in disbelief as Tobias covers everything around his cock in kisses. He won't touch the erection itself, precome oozing from the tip. He doesn't make fun of Franklyn for being so wet, either, just smiles.

"You're a beautiful instrument, Franklyn," he says, and the thought makes Franklyn's cock twitch.

Tobias continues to neglect it, crawling up to straddle Franklyn's waist and finally unzipping his pants and carefully bringing his cock out. He's wet, too, and Franklyn whimpers, longing to taste it. They're still waiting on Franklyn's nerves and their blood tests for anything like

that. Franklyn has off course been on the shelf so long that anything serious would have damaged him by now, but it's possible to carry these things. As it is, he can only look at Tobias's long, dark cock and remember how good it feels in his hands, and the sweet glow in his chest when he can make Tobias shudder and purr and groan and come. Now he gasps as Tobias lays it along his sternum and drizzles some lube over their skin.

“Delightful,” Tobias informs him, and then presses at the outer edges of Franklyn's chest, squeezing his flesh into a shallow channel that he ruts along slowly at first, and then faster and faster as Franklyn whines and mewls, high-pitched and broken noises that he wouldn't have believed he could make.

It does feel good, his untouched nipples aching and then radiating pleasure as Tobias deliberately thrusts over each one in turn, again and again until Franklyn is letting out a helpless little noise with each exhale. He's so hard it aches, and precome is dripping onto his belly.

“Ohfuck,” Franklyn whimpers, “oh fuck, oh...”

He moans as Tobias pushes two long fingers in his mouth, so deep he nearly gags, and then pulls back just a little only to push back in and make Franklyn let out a muffled groan, the sound rumbling up from deep in his chest, getting louder as Tobias adds his third finger. Tobias fingers Franklyn's mouth and fucks his chest until he's a moaning, drooling wreck, unsure how much time has passed and completely beyond caring.

“God,” Tobias breathes, staring down at him, “your eyes...”

Franklyn looks up at Tobias through his lashes, obediently moving with it when Tobias uses that hand to tip his head back. He whimpers quietly through his nose, prepared now to let Tobias do anything he wants with him. "Crossed fingers for red, two straight fingers for yellow, and an open hand for green since you can't talk right now." Tobias's gaze flicks to Franklyn's hands, and he's careful to open both, spreading the fingers wide. Tobias bites his lip for a moment, thrusting his fingers so deep into Franklyn's mouth that for a few seconds he can't breathe and doesn't want to, and then pulls them back. It makes Franklyn gag, but he doesn't mind that at all, keeping his hands open and chasing Tobias's hand for a millimeter or two before he shoves in again and Franklyn groans because it's so fucking good.

“May I fuck you?” Tobias asks at last, drawing his fingers back enough for Franklyn to mumble a heartfelt yes around them.

It's not as if Franklyn has ever done this, but he likes his own fingers up there and can take all four of them halfway down, which is a lot thicker than Tobias's cock, and he always wants it deeper than he can get. Now Tobias slicks two fingers and gently rubs Franklyn's hole in firmer and firmer circles until the tip is slipping in and Franklyn is letting out a humiliating high quaver. Tobias purrs and tells him that it's beautiful, and when Franklyn breathlessly pushes Tobias's fingers out of his mouth to apologize for wanting to keep his hand there, pressed deep and muffling the noises Tobias said he wanted to hear, Tobias just chuckles.

“Not at all,” he says, pushing that hand back in as he slips the second finger into Franklyn's ass, muffling his shocked little cry of pleasure. “It's a mute, Franklyn, inserted to change the

tone.”

Franklyn groans, and falls into the same delirium he did before, taking Tobias's fingers as deep as he can in both holes, moaning and mewling as both are stretched. By the time Tobias rolls a condom onto himself in a deft one-handed performance and then lubes up and guides himself to Franklyn's hole, Franklyn is desperate for it, his body offering no resistance at all as Tobias sinks into him with a long, helpless groan. His eyes briefly roll back as he presses in and in and in as Franklyn gives a lost little cry with every breath, each one muted by Tobias's hand pushing at the top of his throat.

Tobias growls and starts fucking him hard and fast, Franklyn splaying his hands as wide as he can, making formless, desperate noises as Tobias pulls out almost entirely and then slams back in, the strokes so smooth that they don't hurt, even though Tobias is rocking the bed, each thrust moving Franklyn's whole body and making him wail louder and louder, as his body moves with Tobias's strength. It feels so fucking good, like Franklyn isn't even human, isn't responsible for anything but being a slick, tight hole for Tobias to fuck.

Franklyn comes harder than he ever has in his life, and Tobias doesn't even have to touch his cock, just the cool, crisp fabric of his shirt rubbing Franklyn's erection where it's pressed between them is enough. He cries out as loud as he physically can, a long, loud wail that Tobias's muting hand does nothing to actually quiet. The neighbors will probably complain, but Franklyn can't care about that, clenching on Tobias over and over, in hard, involuntary waves that make him feel like his body is trying to milk Tobias's cock. Tobias growls and fucks him so hard that it does start to hurt, and that's good too, and then he's groaning, long and low and probably part of the soundtrack of Franklyn's wet dreams for the rest of his life as he comes deep inside him, his hand slipping out of Franklyn's mouth.

Franklyn whimpers, tugging at the ropes a little as Tobias rests his head on Franklyn's chest for a moment, because now he wants to hold Tobias, and kiss him again and probably fall asleep together. Before he can get too upset, Tobias is kissing him, and after consuming Franklyn for a long moment, he sits up and starts untying the ropes, rubbing his wrists and ankles and kissing each one.

“You've been very good for me,” Franklyn,” he says, and strips out of his come-spattered clothing at last, wiping his hands on his own discarded briefs before he switches off the lamp and pulls Franklyn into his arms.

“I... I have?” Franklyn cringes a little at how tentative and needy he sounds, but Tobias just kisses him again.

“Yes, you have. You're a very good boy.” He strokes Franklyn's hair and some people would probably call it demeaning, but all Franklyn can feel is happy.

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